

## THE MACON BEACON

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1922.

### THE YEAR THAT IS GONE.

The Christmas comes just behind out there glad message and the echo of their music is still on the breeze. We have all witnessed the vision of the birth of Him whose silent coming the world over has been so sweetly and made its foundation in those many promises and expectations—have greater value because they were given time and confirmation, each asserting in his own language, the hollowed out of that name still here to day it leaves, for us, no room.

Thus the year gone is now fully passed and we are leaving the lesson of life behind us at the year's end. We join to those who have had rich opportunities and success—have greater value because they were given time and confirmation, each asserting in his own language, the hollowed out of that name still here to day it leaves, for us, no room.

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### EARNING POWER.

Earning power depends on the production of a man or a machine. It is not based on what a man dreams of doing or on what an engine can do or capable of accomplishing. Earning power is nothing till it is translated into the accomplished fact.

A man's honest of what he can do is nothing to capitalize. You do not hear much wind vaunt of themselves among those who do things. They leave it to others to praise. Few social phenomena are more odious than the sight of persons who seem consciously to invite tribute and testimonial. When one thinks of all the truly heroic deeds that find no laurels, —that are seen by God only and are by God alone rewarded—the self-advertisement of those who laud and magnify themselves is the more dismaying.

There is self-respect and there is self-flattery. Barron's great little play, "The Twelve-Pound Look," has for its central character a man who must die on himself the time it makes his wife supply it to him. There are all sorts of things he can do to be fair for his own good. But he will not hear them. His moneyed vanity will not let him listen to anything that does not minister to his own conceit.

Such a man, who has read a George in the world we know as Andy Gage, is forever telling him, "I think you're a fool and you're too busy to pay attention to me." Barron's play is a picture of self-respect that is bound to be popular. But then we may look back on the year that is gone and find little of achievement and but few and far between told by us or the founders of it clearly placed to us in our ranks the consequences of from us for the past. It is a picture of us and our race too busy to pay attention to me."

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### Death of Mrs. Brewer

It is seldom that both heads of a family, father and mother, are removed by the hand beyond in such close proximity, as were Mr. and Mrs. Brewer. This produces such a shock and such severe tugs at the heart strings, as to approach the breaking point.

To the bereaved members of the family now experiencing such a sad ordeal, the neighborhood extends a sympathetic condolence and tender affection, with the fullest realization of their sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer continued the happy moon, ~~now~~ changing amid the care and accumulation of responsibilities along the path of life. In their isolation from society by choice, they never grew lonesome, as man and wife really married, never lack for the want of company.

There is a beautiful little Greek legend of a flower girl, who, while playing politically in carrying messages between nobles, was the occasion of a revolution; for this offense she was looked upon as too pretty and tender to be handed over to the remorseless hands of the executioner, hence her sentence was incarceration.

A flower sprang up beneath her window, called the violet, which by human sin of her head was thrust into the room, and there blossomed and bloomed to her delight and no exceeding the hour of her loneliness. And, in spite of confinement, the fragrance of the room filled the flower bed that did mission of comfort to others but her.

It was refused to live longer, Mrs. Brewer was Mr. Brewer's "Rose," whom blossomed for his comfort, delight, and when he passed on, she fell, and was heard to say that her mission was ended.

### A NEIGHBOR

Burning Off Ditch Banks Around Corn Field Advised

A. & M. College, Miss., December 26. Chinch bugs damaged corn considerably on some Delta farms and in other sections of Mississippi this year according to R. W. Harned, State Entomologist, there is every reason to believe, on account of the dry summer and fall, that they will be just as bad or worse next year unless control measures are started at once.

This pest spends the winter in weeds, broom sedge, dead leaves, stalks, or any place it can find shelter in or near the fields. In Illinois, an average of 196 bugs per square foot were found wintering in a grass field. All ditch banks, fence corners, hedge rows, broom sedge, or waste grass patches, corn fields, should be burned over, especially if the bugs were present in large numbers this year and if the same land is to be planted in corn again.

The fight against him was led by La Follette. That was enough in itself to make a majority of the Senate regard the Minnesota with favor. The latter charge being freely interpreted means that he had forced men, thought undesirable, out of the University. From the fact that only eight Senators voted against his confirmation, it is plain that the Senate did not take either charge very seriously.

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# Keep Your Eyes Open

To the Prices We Will Quote You on Standard Merchandise Throughout 1923

THE closing of the year's business for 1922 has been very satisfactory. It is certainly gratifying to our entire sales force and myself for the splendid business our old customers and newly formed friends gave us during 1922. With your continued co-operation it will be possible for us to grow in business, thereby be able to render you a still better service.

For the first week in January, 1923 we submit the following prices:

A new genuine McCLELLAND SAD-OLE with iron or wood struts	\$10	Army Riding PANTS	\$1
Wool Army OVERCOAT medium length	\$5	Cheep at 44 Brown DOMESTIC per yard	12 <sup>1/2</sup>

Make My Store Your Store in 1923.

C. D. Featherston,

### IN MEMORIAM.

O Death, Where is Thy Song?

O Grave! Where is my Victory?

At early dawn on Monday October 31, another soul made its winged flight unto the realms of bliss eternally where no signs are dreamed to interrupt, the paroxysms of the sky, and no pain is felt to disturb the repose of the inhabitants.

Miss Ella Chambers was born in Mississippi, and lived here until she reached the age of fifteen or sixteen years. Then she moved with her sisters to Arkansas where she later married a prominent manager of an oil company, Mr. C. E. Ladmore.

Here she lived happily until "good hard beckoned unwavering" and bade her go seek "love's immortal rest far beyond the Bulk of Death."

She leaves behind her, two brothers, Marcus, I. M. and C. F. Chambers and two sisters, Mrs. C. C. Pierce and Mrs. E. S. Dale. It seems crass to have her turn from these loved ones by the ruthless hand of Death.

We can only say, "how very sad!" But still there was an anthem of joy through the memory, characters and acts of the past.

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